

A
Search after WIT;

OR, A

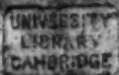
VISITATION

OF THE

AUTHORS:

IN ANSWER TO

The late Search



AFTER

CLARET;

Or VISITATION of the

VINTNERS.

By an Under-Drawer at the —'s-Head-Tavern in — Gate-Street.

London, Printed for E. Hawkins, 1691.

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IN ANSWER TO
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AFTER
537. II
CLARET;

OF VISITATION
VINTNERS

Printed for B. Franklin, 1691.

THE DRAWER.
DEDICATION.

TO you the chief Grievance and Plague of the Time,
Heavy Thrashers of Prose, and Tormentors of Rhime.
You Play-Wights and Authors, with all their Attendance,
The Locusts of Egypt were a civilier Vengeance.

From him who each Action o' th' Publick misconstrues;
To the Makers of Devils, and Sermons, and Monsters ;
Than whom there's no Vulture discover can further,
By Instinct, the Approach of Dire Battle and Murder.

To each politick Stroker, or hungry Backbiter,
From the Bawdy Song-Scribler, to the Godly Book-Writer :
Be their Works or their Fortunes, or lucky, or scurvy ;
From great Mr. Bays down to little Mr. D---y.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To Saryrical Dick, who has us'd us so kindly,
 Though I hope, Mr. Author, to be't far behind you:
 And 'twere best that your Back you'd prepare for a bumping,
 The Drawer most humbly pre—

* He would have said *Presoner*, but the
 Bell ringing on the sudden, suddenly
 stopp'd him in the middle of the Word.

Coming, Sir, Coming!

DEDICATION.

TO you the best Grievances and Plagues of the Time,
 Heavy Throats of Prose, and Tongues of Rime,
 For Play, Wights and Authors, with all their
 The Locusts of the Earth, and all their

From him who each Action and Publick Antiquities
 To the Masters of Devils, and Sermons, and Monitions
 I am not sure there's no Virtue which can furnish
 By fasting, the Approach of Due Barbs and Minions

A From the Bawdy Song-Scribler, to the Godly Book-Worm
 Be their Woes or their Fortunes, or lucky, or lucky
 From great Mr. Bawd down to the little Mr. D—

(1)
As there here had Wines, and do
As ever you lov'd our Progenitor Rake,
Look down for a Moment, and help me to live
I'll be your ally, and help me to live

Search after WIT:

III
The end of the world, and the end of the world
The end of the world, and the end of the world
The end of the world, and the end of the world
The end of the world, and the end of the world

OR, A VISITATION

On the contrary, it is to be said, that
The end of the world, and the end of the world
The end of the world, and the end of the world
The end of the world, and the end of the world

AUTHORS.

By a DRAWER, &c.

Father Ben! For thy gentle Assistance I call,
Now Topping above in *Apollo's Whiteball*,
Where *Sack*, the true *Nectar*, for ever you drink;
And though the fair nimble heel'd *Ganimede* stink,
On us, mortal *Drawers*, you sometimes do think.

(1)

II.

As there from bad *Wines*, and dull *Criticks* you're safe.
As ever you lov'd our Progenitor *Ralph*,
Look down for a Moment, and help me to *swing*
The *Blasphemers* of *Taverns* with a lusty *Revenge*.

* At Dinner that Ben Jonson used to remember to his Poynts.

III.

The *King* of *Morocco's*, and *Bantam's* *Relation*,
Has plagu'd us of late with a damn'd *Visitation*:
We'll appeal to the *World*, if it isn't very fit;
Since he'll search for our *Claret*, we must search for his *Wit*.

IV.

First observe but his Sign — but not gaze unaware }
On Sir *Courtly's* sweet Face — so killing, so fair, }
That with his *Reputation* it well may compare. }
If he has *Wit*, here he has not enough on't to spare it;
For who ever search'd a *Black Jack* to find *Claret*?

V.

But lest we should our *Disappointment* deplore,
He has *Singing*, and *Dancing*, and *Stories* good store:
But *Wit* from *Jack-Pudding*, as well you might hope:
Come pierce & other *Hoghead*; for here's not a drop.

VI.

Not *Wit*, Sir! — No, *Wit*, Sir! How that, Sir, d'ye prove it?
Here's *Sylvius's* *Revenge*, Sir, and the *Pallies* of *Love*:
Sure these you ne'er read, Sir, if no *Wit* you e'er saw there.
Nouns! cries out St. Ph—ps, little Dick too turned *Author*:

VII.

VII.

Then firing a *Volley of half Oaks*, and *complete Ones*;
 He heartily swears both by *little and great Ones*;
 They may talk what they will, but there ne'er was a *Sayer*
 Since *His* against *Hypocrites* writ, wou'd hold *Water*.

VIII.

But *Dragon* grows *old*, and his *Wiss* he has lost;
 Speak *softly*, or you'll find he is *young* to your *Cost*;
 He has yet a *Colt's Tooth*, whate'er you suppose,
 And something besides — a *Jolly-Red* — *Jolly Red-Nose*.

IX.

I'd fain in some *Method* my Subject pursue;
 But that I'm afraid I never shall do:
 For your *Authors*, like *Tartars*, are as light as a *Feather*,
 And vanish like *Jack-a-Lent's*, *Satan* knows *whither*.

X.

No *Lodging* they use, but true *Brethren o' th Road*,
 Like *Pilgrims* and *Gypsies*, they all lie abroad,
 Unless if for *Nothing* the *Landlord* will spare it,
 Now and then they *Pig* into a *Barn*, or a *Garret*.

XI.

Mr. Reader may *smile* as he *pleases*, or *grumble*;
 But must take 'em like *Fagots*, as out they will *tumble*:
 Stand clear of their *Dulness*, and their *Wit* won't surprise us;
 And who first shou'd *Trump* up, but the *Paraboliners*?

XII. Poor

XII.

Poor *B* — *ay*, thy *Maggie's* of late gone astray,
And for fear of a *Cage*, is hopp'd out of the way;
Nor is it so strange, though *Puppies* will scold,
That for fear of the *Mouse-Trap* the *Shark* is rubb'd off.

XIII.

Who for *Wit* in a *Ballet* of *Tap-knots* wou'd seek,
Tho' the *Author*, like *Hudibras*, rattles out *Greek*;
Who e'er heard a *Toad* sing, or a *Nightingale* croak;
Or one single wise *Word* that a *Raven* e'er spoke,
Though the *Capitol* once was preserv'd by a *Gander*?

XIV.

And troth well remember'd; — *How* Mr. *Vander*
There's your *Man* — if there be *Wit* in the *City*, he has it
In two *Bushels* of *Letters* a *Week* for his *Gazet*.

• *Armenian Gazette.*

XV.

He must be an *Alderman* by his *Invention*;
For he keeps the *Ten Quires* of *Authors* in *Pension*;
This *Brother*, that *Kinsman*, this *Friend*, and that *Cousin*;
Tell 'em out he that can, — *One, Two, Three, and a Dozen.*

XVI.

First enter Sir *Astrophel*, *Plodding* and *Drudging*,
In Answering of *Levi*, and *Mauling* of *I* —
Still adoring his *Stella's* fair *Hand*, and fair *Glove*;
Tho' thereby but a *Caxcomb* himself he will prove,
For who that has *Wit*, wou'd be ever in *Love*?

XVII.

Next comes the *Armenian Traveller*,
 With his *Face in a Pail*, like the *Jew Legislator*;
 Among Ten Thousand more, I *One Query* would make him,
 That's, *Where were his Brains at this Task's Undertaking?*

XVIII.

XIX.

Not a *Fool*, or a *Wit*, let him do what he can, Sir,
 But will send him *more Questions* than e'er he can answer;
 Though like other *Case-Splitters* of the self-same Community,
 He'll refer what's too hard till another Opportunity.

XX.

XXI.

Nay prithee Friend *Vander*, — thou dost not do fairly,
 Thus to take away Trade from *B* — — — *and Shirley*;
 This ne'er will hear more from his *Cases of Conscience*,
 And the *others Penny Sermons* will all be flat *Nonsense*.

XXII.

Now thou'rt right *Jack of all Trades*, tho' the last's but a *mean* one
 To be *Groom of the Stool* to the *Orac'lous Athenian*;
 And when e'er he'll be pleas'd his *Burr-End* to discover,
 Bring him *Paper* sufficient to wipe him all over.

XXIII.

Step to the next Door if you'd hear a good *Lecture*,
 Or *Ichabod's Groans* from the famous *Reflector*;
 But he'll not be *disturb'd* for any *Occasion*,
 Since he's *Ball'd* in *Ball* for the *Good of the Nation*.

XXII.

He had lately a *Call*, though the *Step* was o'th' *longest*,
To watch all the *Morions* of the *Princesse's Congress*,
So grave, and so *old*, and so full of the *Matter*,
And amongst his *her* *Brain* the *Nothings* to clatter,
That he rather deserves our *Pity* than *Laughter*.

XXIII.

When *Lud* first built *London*, old *Stories* declare
The *Sacks* stood at *Cornehill*, and *Wheat* was sold there,
Stocks-Market for *Apples*, and *Herbs*, and such *Wares*,
And the *Poultry* & *Hen-Coop* for the *Shrieves*, and *Lord Mayors*.

XXIV.

The *First* long ago its *Office* did lose,
But the *Last* of old *Customs* yet something will use,
Against all the rest, and each other still *pecking*,
As well the *old Cock*, as the *springy young Chicken*;
Nor e'er will be quiet while they've left *Spur* or *Neck on*.

XXV.

Sure no *single Deceit* on *Earth* will suffice,
For such blessed *Writers* as there *Authors* are,
How they order the *Matter*, I cannot devise,
Except *one* finds the *Nonsense*, and *other* finds *Lies*.

XXVI.

But I'll fairly rub off, for fear e'er I go
They should take their *Leaves* of me with a kind *Scorning Blow*,
And who next should I meet, or my *Eye-sight* is false,
But the little *new Auth'rs*, *Poetical Alce*?

XXVII. And:

XXVII

And is't all come to this—When at *Oxford* she's undone,
 With whole *Dung-Carts* of *Doggerel* to plague us at *London*;
 Yet like a *true Wit* in great things she miscarry'd,
 For who but a *Wit* such a *Wit* would have marry'd?

XXVIII

Calling in at *St. Paul's*, I a certain *Shop* harp'd on,
 Where lay a *Play* that were printed for *K——son*;
 But unless by the *Title* you chanc'd to discern 'em,
 For their *Wit*, you'd mistaken a *Play* for a *Sermon*.
 But what's that to the purpose, if *Estates* they can get;
 Their *Search* is for *Money*, and mine's for *Wit*.

XXIX

Then farewell old *Belaxmine*, *Pasquez* and *Suarez*!
 Farewel you old *Glosses* and new *Commentaries*!
 Farewel all at once, since your *Brains* are no quicker,
 From the ragged *Verse-Tagger*, to the rich *Country-Vicar*.

XXX

We'll e'en to the *Play-house*—there sure we shall find 'em.
 For they tell us, —they live by their *Wit*, if you mind 'em.
 No wonder, cries one, they then are as poor
 As a modest *fac'd Bully*, or an ugly old *Whore*.

* Alluding to the Motto at the Play-house, Vivit Ingenio.

XXXI

Let's begin with *Squire Lawest*, since sure 't would be strange,
 If to so many *Guts*, Nature gave him no *Brains*.
 And lest *Nonsense* and *Noise* for *true Wit* should o'erpow'r us,
 We'll step in for *Relief*, to his *Play*, call'd the *Scowrers*.

XXXII

At D---'s New *Play* I next thought fit to call,
Where the Masters of Legs * he *jans merry* does mawl :
So nimble, so clever, & *slapper in fly* did not find good
I always till now thought he had been *one* himself.

XXViii.

There's no Man upon *Earth*, that can please a *Lass* better
With an *easy soft Dinner*, and *Song*, or *fine Entertainment*.
But if you ask him for *War*, he must still be your *Debtor*.
Fa, la, la, he replies, pray expect no *War* from us;
For we spend all our *Stack* every *Wednesday* on *Mum*.

XXXIX.

Poor Mortals! What different Fortunes befall us,
 Poor Authors! *How* Poor! To us kindly so much as bold
 Rouse, Elkanah; rouse in the Name of Cincinnatus;
 Since thy Guts are still breaking; and thy Brains are still spinning,
 Plague the Stage yet again with thy buffing and ribbings.

None will ask thee for *Wit*; for all know that the *Creature*
Had never yet any such thing in *his Nature*:
But what will take more from the *Gazette Purloyn-a*,
Some *raw Head and bloody Bones Tales of Amboyna!* *

XLIX

If the Brats of the British for Democracy are **fatally** **D** **There's**
And if e'er they are **born**, They are all **reprobated**

There's a *Trick* too for that ; and were't my Case, I'd rather
Hire one of the *Players* to stand for their *Father*.

Poor *Nat*, thou hast lost both thy *eyes* and thy *voice* ;
Yet the *happiest* *Autumn* thou hast had ; for thou hast won
Let the *Criticks* but on *me* ; if they *will*, thou canst growl ;
If they *bark*, thou canst *bite* ; if they *bite*, thou canst howl.

XLIII.

Thy *Fortune*, whatever they think of, is but a *jest* ;
Is what they *will* call *me* ; or *fool*, or *fool*, or *fool* ;
Upon a *mad Subject* to make a *mad* *jest* ;
And write for a *Thing* *that* *is* *not* *there* ;

• *Bedlam*.

XLIX.

Thou hast told what *Fortune* thou hast had ;
But thy *self* and the *World* thou hast had ;
Quarrelling, in *vain* ; and in *vain* ;
And instead of *Fortune* thou hast had ;
So didst thou not once, when *Fortune* was kinder,
And the *Theatre* rung with thy *voice* ;

Some *raw Head* and *blond* *Boys* ;
He *spoke* it as well as *twice* ;

XLV.

Let's dispatch to the *World* ;
And proceed to the *World* ;

There's

D

As modest as *Virgin* that knows not what's what,
Nor dares venture beyond his *Pier*, or his *Por*.

XLVII.

He others *Foundations* has oftentimes built on;
For he has writ more *Epistles* than *Tully*, or *Milton*.

XLVIII.

A good *Second-Rate-Poet*, and *Faithful Translator*;
And if you ask him for *Wit*, he knows something of *the Matter*.

XLIX.

For this must be said, for his *Credit* and *Profit*,
He has chosen a *Patron* that has enough of it;
Great *Pollie*, who *Judge* of *Parnassus* does sit,
And has, *prize* of his *Quality*, *Learning* and *Wit*.

L.

On the *Shepherd* be smil'd when so sweetly he sung,
And the *Woods* and the *Plains* with his *Pastorals* rung:
How *Nat'ral* each *Stroke*, and how *easy* and *fine*,
How *curious* the *Opening*, how *vast* the *Design*,
Of the *Glories* of *William*, and *Wonders* of *Boyd*.

LI.

Go on, happy *Bard*, on so *Glorious* a *Theme*;
Go on to the *Rhine's*, or the *Sambre's* fair *Stream*,
Still rise with thy *Subject*, and *greater* thy *Name*,
And ravish the *Laurels* from *S—* and *Fame*.

Great William, our Honour, our Safety, and Pride,
 With all the English Heroes that fight by his side,
 (If they are not past Number —) so generous, so kind,
 All those who are gone, or who carry behind.

LII.

Had C — but had any kind Prophet's Advice,
 And ne'er scribled a Line but his Comical Nice,
 He'd not pester'd the World, nor pester'd his Writing
 With Nonsense and Blasphemy, Roaring and Fighting.

LIV.

Would he had known while 'twas well his Stage * to give o'er,
 Content with one Part, and not clamour'd us with more,
 But twice on the same dull Subject to write,
 Is like Jimminy Gemminy every Night. * Of Jerusalem.

LV.

If the Plays of true Wits have so little to spare,
 'Tis unlikely to find any more in a Players
 Yet is it no wonder when the Author want Sense,
 The Players turn Writers in their own defence.

LVI.

Since their Business lies more in their Tongues, than their Brains,
 We expect no great Wicks from ~~us~~ ~~or~~ ~~us~~,
 Damn our Play while 'tis dull, if not ~~that~~ ~~Day~~ it carries,
 We'll forgive you, quoth ~~Paw~~ — ll, and Ca —, and Ha — u.

LVII.

The *Theatres* flourish'd when *Quality* writ,
 For they always had *Money*, and sometimes had *Wit*;
 But now they for nothing but *Stationers* are fit:
 No—not one single *Line*, tho' the whole *House* beseeches,
 Since from making of *Plays*, they're turn'd *Makers of Speeches*.

LVIII.

From them to the *Criticks*, at last let's repair;
 'Tis their *Trade*, and we sure shall find somewhat on't there;
 But they, like the rest, *know nothing o' th' Matter*;
 Tho' the want on't was richly supply'd with *ill Nature*.

LIX.

'Tis true, Mr. *Ry*——r long paid for a *Wit*,
 And still might have done so, if he never had *writ*;
 His *Stationer* may for his Profit go whistle:
 But he swears all's not *Gospel* that's in his *Epistle*.

• Vid. Title Pag.

LX.

If you think't worth the while, and twon give *ill example*,
 Let's next search for *Wit* with the *Students o' th' Temple*;
 But they heartily vow they have never a *Rag*;
 For *Connfessor Gripe* has it all in his *Bag*.

LXI.

Nay then we shall find it:—good Sir, not too fast!
 These *Authors* never part with their *Writings* in haste;
 As dear as old *Coins*, or old *Manuscripts* sell em;
 For they write like the *Monks*, with great *Letters* on *Velom*.

LXIII

Yet there's no *Ballad-Singer*, that louder can bawl
Than they at the *Street*, or *Whet-stone-Hall*;
A *Customer* seldom of their *Duties* complains;
No matter for the *Text*, so they bawl, and take pains;
Hold out *Brow* and *Laug*, there's no need of any *Brains*.

LXIV

If, as there's no *Lawyer*, or doubted it yet,
'Tis getting of *Money* the only true *Wit*;
Let him write what he will, by *Rote*, or by *Rule*,
In *Prose*, or in *Verse*, justle, it's all a *Trick*.

LXV

But whether old *Prophecies* he will unveil,
Or cracks your grave *Dollars* like *Nuts*, with his *Nails*,
He's the *Civil* Author that you meet with e'er can *Stir*,
For he'll ne'er write a thing that *another* can't *answer*.

LXVI

I was just a concluding, when, who should I meet,
But two *Ballad-Singers*, that sung'd all the *Street*;
Whose *Tails* full kept Time to their *Music's* *Modulation*,
Whose *Hats* were born fix'd to the right *Elevation*.

LXVII

I know not how 'twas, but my *Business* they *stir*,
And said you'd for *them* have been *revis'd* too;
No Answer they'd take, tho' I *laugh'd* at the *Folly*,
And ask'd 'em, if any thing for I they can *say*.

LXXV

At which one gravely cries: — Since such, Sir, your *Wag* is,
May I never more *scold* *Philander* or *Phillis*;
If we cannot say, were for our own *Orphan*,
Than all the *Haberdashers* of *Woe* in the Nation.

LXXVI

No *Author* unless he's *immortal* full of *Antiquity*,
And *Falseness*, can ever deny our *Antiquity*;
We only, how much now *sooner* they *slight* us,
Were the *Primitive Rise* of all *Poets* and *Writers*.

LXXVII

Old *Homer*, as I've heard that old *Historians* tell,
Went *begging* about with a *Dog* and a *Bell*;
He sung, his *Dog* *dem'd*, not a *Wale* or a *Fair*,
Through *Greece*, but the *poor* *blind* *Beggar* was there.

LXXVIII

Now at *Smyrna*, or *Athens*, perhaps, his *Abode*,
Then a *Sculler* he'd take, and *pass* over to *Roads*;
From *Tisbing* to *Tisbing*, still *strutting* about,
Where ever he comes in his *Key* he's not out.

LXXIX

Till once out of the *Road* he *unluckily* *strays*,
With a *Nipperkin* *huddled* of *Cider* or *Gins*;
And as the *Bank-side* he *would* *have* *some* *drunk*,
His *Dog* with the *Sight* of the *Water* *confounded*,
They fell over the *Bay* and were both on an *drowned*.

* Rich Wines, which anciently grew there.

LXXX

Thus he dy'd without Trouble of Buriall; For *Heaven* on which one
 There's an end of the *Poet*; but not of his *Worship*,
 For his *Ballads* were rescu'd from the *Worm*, and the *Worm*,
 And pass'd up safely in every good *Phage*.

LXXXI.

Well rest his sweet *Bowes*, while *War* are still; *Heaven* on which one
 Every Night we his *Membry* treat with *Wine*, and *Wine*,
 Though the *Poets*, to cheat us of the *Poet*, how *Wine*,
 'Tis we are his *Successors* in the right *Line*.

LXXXIV.

How proud is this *Age*, and how *ill* too grown,
 When *Men* their own *Trades* are ashamed to own;
 There's none we need *blasphe* for, if we *see* *Men* *ill*,
 And were I a *Town* *man*, I'd certainly *see* *Men* *ill*.

LXXXV.

The *Doctor*, Forsooth, thinks his *Worship* would *ill*,
 To make up a *Bolus*, or *spice* up a *Worship*,
 And whilst in his *Coach* he *Worship* he takes,
 He out of his *Footman* a *Worship* makes.

LXXXVI.

Thus the *Poet* pretends, by his *Worship*,
 When first he had brought them to a *Worship*,
 To cure *Men*'s *Worship*, or *Worship* he takes,
 But to *ill* in 'e himself, after all, he's *ill*,
 'Tis we with the *Medicines* must *Worship* be made.

LXXVII

Thus enter'd, I thought he would ne'er have given o'er,
Till one ask'd for a *Ballad*, and I heard him no more.
Quite tired with my *Search*, I home again trotted,
And had no more *Wit* than when I first sought it.

LXXVIII

Thus weary of doing nothing, to my *Garret* I come,
And since I lost it *abroad*, would seek it *at home*:
But for Fear I there too should happen to miss,
I'll first make a *modest Enquiry* what 'tis.

LXXIX

'Tis a *Thing* that's more easie to know than express;
'Tis all the *Creation* in its *Holiday Dress*:
'Tis a pleasant gay *Humour*, not *sullen*, nor *prond*,
Ridiculous, *fawcy*, or *noisie*, or *loud*.

LXXX

'Tis not made of *New-Banten*, or merry *Old-Tales*,
Like his, who here *laid* the poor *Curate of Wales*:
If that, or if *Sonnet*, either were it,
The *Old Woman*, or *School-Boy* might pale for a *Kit*.

LXXXI

'Tis not *Hunting*, or *Hawking*, or *Riding*, or *Fencing*,
Or *Crying*, or *Riping*, or *Singing*, or *Dancing*:
'Tis not *breaking KKandies*, nor *drumming*, nor *Boaring*,
Nor *Felling a VVatchman*, nor *swearing*, nor *KKhering*.

LXXXII.

It does what it *pleases*, is *Proof* against *Fate*,
 Can a thousand new *Forms* in a moment *create*;
 The *Philosopher's-Stone*, for *so* *Pride* to be *fold*,
 Which all things it touches, *converts* into *Gold*.

LXXXIII.

Not a cool *Summer-Evening*, nor a warm *Winters-Day*,
 Nor a *Mistress* her self is so *pleasing*, and *gay*;
 Nor *Empire*, for which the *Ambitious* contend,
 For these must all *fail*; but *Wit's Charms* never end.

LXXXIV.

'Tis not when two *Syllables* *jangle*, or *rhime*,
 Nor puzzling, dull *Anagrammatical Rhime*,
Hard Words, or *wise Sentences*, spoke by *old Sages*,
 To *help* at *Dead-Lists* in all future *Ages*.

LXXXV.

For this strange *Companion* where then shall we *seek*;
 'Tis not *Bawdy*, nor *Bahter*, nor *Latin* and *Greek*;
 'Tis not *Oaths*, nor *ill Nature*, the *Blood's* sour *Disease*,
 Nor *Language* as *ill*, though that *better* will *please*.

LXXXVI.

'Tis all that is *lovely*, and *sprightly*, and *fair*;
 'Tis a *Flash* when the *Soul* comes abroad to *see* *Air*,
 'Tis a *Flame* in the *Sun's* paler *Splendor* *outline*,
 'Tis *unbounded*, *eternal*, *immortal*, *divine*.

LXXXVII.

No Monarch so blest'd, or so happy as me,
 While thus, my dear *Horace*, I hug it in thee:
Admire it in loftier *Virgil*, or *Smile*
 When with *Waggish Catullus* my Cares I'd beguile.

LXXXVIII.

When with thee, *Ariosto*, or *Tasso*, I sport,
 Or go with our *Spencer* to his *Fairy-Court*,
 Or *Cowley*, or *Oldham*, or *Davenant* pursue,
 Or spend a few Hours, neat *Waller*, with you.

LXXXIX.

Here I read till I'm quite into *Ecstasies* carry'd,
 As soon as the *Sun* peeps into my *Garter*;
 There, out of the reach of ill *Fate*, and *Disaster*,
 I sit; and the *Drawer* as great as his *Master*.

FINIS.